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day, the 17th of May. On these occasions he will give brief but most interesting lectures on the Cathedrals of England, giving examples of the grand church music which those Institutions have given birth to. There will also be performed many of the sublime chorales and choruses and other concerted music of the great masters of sacred song. The choral part will be sustained by a hundred voices, boys and men, who have been thoroughly trained and instructed by Dr. Cutler, who seems to have a special faculty for this difficult task. Dr. Cutler's Choral Festivals at Trinity Church last year, will long be remembered as the most unique entertainments of the class ever given in America. For this occasion he has gathered together some of the most exquisite boy's voices to be found in the country. He has devoted several months to the training of these boys, and has brought their performance to a state of rare perfection. Mr. George W. Morgan will assist Dr. Cutler, and we may expect a performance that will delight and satisfy all.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The Fifth Sunday Evening Concert will take place at Irving Hall next Sunday evening May 13th. On this occasion the same admirable artists who have made the previous concerts so popular will appear, and Mr G. W. Morgan will display the Odell organ in his own inimitable manner. Another overflowing audience may be anticipated.

#### RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.\*

(Continued from page 24.)

Raphael's overflowing amiability, through which, as Vasari says, he gave an example to artists how they should comport themselves toward the great, the mediocre, and the obscure, was not Michael Angelo's clement. He did not glide, as if born from the clouds, over the mountains of life; he seized the impediments in his path, hurled them aside and so cut his way over the heights. He returned harsh, hard answers, and gave heed to no one. When Pope Julius pressed him to the completion of one of his works, and wished finally to know when he would be ready with it, Michael Angelo answered, "When I can," *quando potro*. The Pope, breaking out into a violent passion, raised a stick against the artist, and as he repeated the words "*quando potro, quando potro*," struck him. So these two stood toward each other. But a reconciliation was effected. They knew each other too well to separate; they often fell out,—this was not the only time,—but they could not do without one another, and, as each stood upon a sure ground, from which he proudly claimed the mastery of the world, they always came together again, when weaker natures would have separated.

Every one who feels himself great and strong, loves those whom he recognizes therein as his like. Even the bloodiest feuds cannot tear them apart. Unconsciously their eyes meet, for each seeks him whose being is a measure of his own, and the desire to be at this one's side overcomes all obstacles. According to this law, the great are drawn to the great, the common to the common. This law determines the career of the beggar and the king. Without it certain relations cannot be explained. Voltaire and Frederick had learned to know each other to their mutual satisfaction. The king knew that Voltaire was false, deceitful,

and much vainer of his connection with him than sincerely devoted to him. Therupon he wrote to him, uncovered his whole heart to him, and awaited his answer. He felt that this man stood high enough to understand him, and this feeling caused him to sink all others as of trivial importance. Let one read through the poems of Michael Angelo, and his biography, as written by Vasari and Condiri, and he will receive the impression of a man who, all alone, traveled an unknown and tearful path. Let one, however, regard the incidents of the life of contemporaneous artists, and he will then experience how immeasurable was his influence upon all, and how the rays of Art centered in him. Everywhere his hand is in the play; he disinterestedly aids this one and that one in their work; mishewn marbles, which, marred by others, lay unused, tempted him to essay what could be shaped from them; in the midst of the fortifications of his native city he chiseled upon a stone in the wall the "Flying Victory." It sprang from the mere pleasure of work, he was indifferent as to the issue. His outbreaks of passion arise anew however often they may be checked, and they are then doubly affecting and impressive. No one can doubt, whether the heart of this severe man was hard and unfriendly, or mild and filled with the noble love of humanity. When I read how Beethoven loved men and yet shunned them, the secluded life of the great Florentine occurred to me, while Mozart's amiable bearing toward all who met him, reminded me of Raphael. Yet how divergent was the career of these two! Like two butterflies from the garden of the Hesperides, the storm of life blew them down into the world, in which they both fell to the ground, the one, because it was driven aside into wanton fields of blossoms, the other, because it flew over stony places until it fell wearied to the earth.

Mozart's creations, like Raphael's, stand forth as if they sprang full-formed from the ground. In them there is nothing to change, no work is visible in them; they exist; their only aim is to fill the voids which, if they were wanting, would remain unfilled. They may be viewed from all sides. The observer goes around them as around a blooming aloe tree. Thus, too, are Shakspeare's works fashioned; but while these are so rounded and complete, they fail in one quality—a quality which Michael Angelo's works possess, which Beethoven's music has, and which these men bring so near the heart; they give announcement of that daemonic impulse toward form, which stirred the souls of their authors, and which is the true source of their works. They do not float us away in an ecstasy, free from care, but bring to us in forms that may not be forgotten and in the full glow of light, the battle and the victory, or, it may be, only the longing for the victory. As I contemplated Raphael's Madonna in the Gallery of Dresden, the whole world seemed to dissolve in mist around it, and only this form stood before my eyes. In a word, it takes from the spirit its freedom, it seizes it and soars with it to the higher realms. How different is the influence which a piece of sculpture by Michael Angelo, one of his finished works, exercises upon me. I am familiar only with the plaster cast; the original is in Paris. It places before the eye a dying youth, one of the forms which surround the tomb of Pope Julius, as it was first designed and begun. They are intended to indicate the conquered provinces of the realm. The body stands upright; a band running under the breast

holds it from sinking to the ground; one arm touches the breast, the other lies upward above the head, which, wearing the expression of death, droops feebly to one side. The godlike tenderness of youth is suffused over the form. A dying smile encircles the lips, an expression of deepest sorrow lades the eyes. One stands before it, and the pain of beauty dissolving in death oppresses his soul. One feels freer, greater; one would fain meet death like this youth. Every line flows from the same feeling. The small hips, the powerless knees, the relaxing hands, the eyes, upon which the lids have sunken, before which the world already sways glimmeringly to and fro, and will soon vanish quite away,—this work draws me mightily to the heart of the man, of the powerful artist. I think of Michael Angelo, and the gloomy welkin, under which he journeyed, seems to me more home-like than the endless heaven of light to which Raphael bears me on his wings. To us Germans, the artist stands higher in importance than his works. Goethe is greater than all his poems, Schiller is himself dearer to us than aught that he has written. For this reason also Hamlet is the greatest of Shakspeare's works, because it discloses most profoundly his own soul, while the others only present shapes which are as near as they are distant. In Hamlet one sinks with the poet into the question of life, and shuddering feels the faint lines between certainty and illusion, which define the path of the human soul. It does not let us rest, it drives us forward to strides of our own. This, too, Michael Angelo does, and I willingly follow him, though troubled stars light his path, rather than repose with Raphael in the peaceful light, which invests everything, but leaves nothing for the wrestlings of my own thought.

#### ENGRAVING.

In the London *Art Journal* for April, Mr. Ruskin continues his somewhat discursive "Cestus of Aglaia." The present chapter deals of engraving:

I. And first, of pure line engraving.

This is the only means by which entire refinement of intellectual representation can be given to the public. Photographs have an inimitable mechanical refinement, and their legal evidence is of great use if you know how to cross-examine them. They are popularly supposed to be "true," and, at the worst, they are so, in the sense in which an echo is true to a conversation of which it omits the most important syllables and reduplicates the rest. But this truth of mere transcript has nothing to do with Art properly so called; and will never supersede it. Delicate art of design, or of selected truth, can only be presented to the general public by true line engraving. It will be enough for my purpose to instance three books in which its power has been sincerely used. I am more in fields than libraries, and have never cared to look much into book illustrations; there are, therefore, of course, numbers of well-illustrated works of which I know nothing; but the three I should myself name as typical of good use of the method, are I. Roger's Poems, II. the Leipsic edition of Heyne's Virgil, (1800), and, III. the great "Description de l'Egypte."

The vignettes in the first named volumes (considering the Italy and Poems as one book) I believe to be as skilful and tender as any hand work, of the kind, ever done; they are also wholly free from affectation of overwrought fineness, on the

\*From the German of HERMANN GRIMM.